H. BELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A WHIG SONG.

BY J. GREINER,—TUNE, "GOOD BYE, JOHN."

Come, Whigs, and raise your voices strong,
We'll sing a good old fashioned song;
We've lots of timber, good and true,
For President, we think—don't you?
Chorus—Then wake up, Whigs, daylight's breaking,
We go for the Whigs there's no mistaking;
And set these locos shivering, shaking,
Ha, ha, ha, boys, well we will.

We've Judge McLEAN, the Bench adorning,
Cool and calm as a summer's morning;
A flashing eye, and noble form,
A Whig in sunshine and in storm,
Then wake up, Whigs, &c.

The God-like DAN, in every station,
Boast of the 'tarnal "Yankee nation;"
Where shall I go?—old Dan's a crowder
On Constitution, law and chowder!
Then wake up, Whigs, &c.

TOM CORWIN, Tom, we hail with joy,
Our own Ohio wagon boy!
He drives ahead, and flinches never,
A true blue Whig, and Whig forever.
Then wake up, Whigs, &c.

Like Saul among the prophets tall,
A head and shoulders over all,
No plate of soup, though hasty, hot,
Nor "fire in the rear," can injure SCOTT:
Then wake up, Whigs, &c.

Old fashioned, honest, rough Old ZACK,
We love thee!—only take the track,
And we'll take out the "yaller kiver,"
And hurra, boys, Old Zack forever.
Then wake up, Whigs, &c.

Pride of the Whigs—our HARRY CLAY!
Dread of the Locos—proud we say:
Tho' other men we may adore,
We love "our CLAY" a little more.
Then wake up, Whigs, &c.

A long, strong pull—pull altogether,
Thro' sunshine, fair and stormy weather—
We'll swell the chorus loud and hearty,
Our God, our Country, and our party.
Chorus—Then wake up, Whigs! daylight's breaking,
We go for a Whig there's no mistaking;
And set these Locos shivering, shaking,
Ha, ha, ha, boys, well we will.

COMMENCEMENT AT YALE.—The New-Haven Register of Friday contains the following paragraphs relating to the College:

At the commencement on Thursday, the degree of A B. was conferred on 124 young gentlemen—the largest class ever graduated at this or any other college in the Union. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on his Excellency Gov. Bissell, Hon Horatio Seymour of Vermont, Hon. Thomas Day, Prof. Ethan Allen Andrews.

New Department in Yale College.—We understand that the Corporation of Yale College has decided to organize a new department in that institution, to be of a different character from any of those now in existence. It is intended to be more practical in its nature, to call together a different class of individuals, and, like schools of Law, Medicine, and Theology, to be unconnected with the academical branch of the institution. Under this new department, the professorship of Agricultural Chemistry and Animal and Vegetable Physiology, as also that of Chemistry applied to the Arts, both of which were created last year, are to be referred.

We learn, also, that another professorship was made yesterday, which will properly come under the new branch of the University. It is that of the Languages of Modern Continental Europe. The gentleman who has been selected to fill the chair, is Prof. Schele De Vere, now of the University of Virginia. A handsome donation towards founding and establishing this professorship, from Charles Astor Bristed, Esq. of New York, has been offered to and accepted by, the corporation.

YALE LAW SCHOOL. Judge Storrs has formally tendered his resignation as Professor of Law in College, which has been accepted. His Excellency Gov. Bissell, and Henry Dutton Esq. of Bridgport, have been elected to fill the chairs made vacant by the resignation of Judge Storrs, and the death of Isaac H. Townsend, Esq.

It has been decided by the Corporation at their present session, as we learn, to have some annual public exercises conneected with the Law School—a Law Commencement.

RESIGNATION. At the meeting of the College Corporation this year, Rev. Samuel R. Andrew of this city resigned his seat as a member of the board, in consequence of a previous election to the office of Secretary of the College, made vacant by the resignation of Hon. Elizur Goodrich, at the annual session of 1846.

His place was filled by the election of Rev. Mr. Eldridge of Norfolk, in Litchfield county.

We understand that the old 'President's House,' which has so long disfigured the College Green, is soon to be removed from its present position, and the whole of the College ground thrown into one square.

☞A dutiful and obedient daughter always makes a faithful and devoted wife.—Let no man, as he values his own happiness, marry a woman of an unfilial nature, In spite of the guile of Iago, there was much wisdom in his remark to Othello. when exciting the Moor to suspicion of Desdemona, s integrity, She has deceived her father and may thee!"

The Northern Galaxy

Volume XII. Middlebury, Vermont,---Tuesday Morning, Aug. 31, 1847. Number 18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HISTORY OF
A FELON'S SON.

Toward the end of the last century, a young man arrived at Marseilles on commercial affairs; he took up his abode at an inn, where he had been about three weeks when he received a letter one evening, which obliged him to call immediately on one of the principle merchants of the town. The merchant was out, and as his wife said that he was most probably at the theatre, George, (so our hero called himself) went thither to seek him. He entered the pit, and looked round in vain for the person he wanted; but as it was rather early, he thought that the merchant might still come, and he sat down to wait for him.

In a few minutes George heard the words, 'Turn him out! turn him out!' uttered with great vehemence, and looking round to see to whom they were addressed, he perceived they were intended for a youth of sickly appearance and very mild countenance, who sat near him.

'How is this?' cried George, turning to the person who sat next him; what has that boy done to be treated in such a manner?'

The person to whom he spoke was a man about fifty.

'Do you know him?' said he, coldly.

'No—I never saw him before,'

'Well, then, take a friend's advice and don't meddle in the matter. The boy's name is Tinville; he is the grandson of that monster, Fouquet Tinville.'

At these words George recoiled with horror in his countenance.

'My good sir,' said his neighbor, 'I see that you agree with me, that there are names which always make honest people tremble.'

George heaved a sigh.

'And yet,' said he. after a moment's pause, 'If the boy himself has done nothing bad. I don't think it just or generous to insult him: he is already unfortunate enough.'

The noise had suspended for an instant—but, just as our hero uttered these words, the rioters recommenced their cries, The lad feigned not to perceive that he was the object of them, but his alarm was visible in his countenance, Encouraged by his timidity, one of the aggressors began to pull his coat, and another took him by the collar. George quickly rose.

'Stop a moment,' said his neighbor, catching hold of him; 'don't you see that they are ten to one?'

'Let them be twenty to two, then,' cried he indignantly; 'I will never stand by tamely and see a helpless boy ill used.'

Breaking from the grasp of his prudent neighbor, he sprang litely over the benches, and threw himself between the youth and his assailants—dealing at the same time, some knock-down blows to the right and left, and crying out,

'Cowards!——you call yourselves Frenchmen—and you are not ashamed to fall, ten of you, upon one poor defenceless lad!'

The aggressors were young men, mostly in a state of intoxication but yet not so far gon as to be insensible to shame.

'He says the truth,' cried one.

'He is in the right,' said another.

By degrees the group dispersed: those who had received the blows skulked away and said nothing; the others excused themselves; and, in a few minutes, tranquillity was restored, George took the youth by the arm, and led him out of the theatre, and making a sign to a hackney coachman hurried away, without replying to Tinvill's thanks and entreaties to know his name.

Three days afterwards, as he was passing through on the principal streets, he felt himself seized by the skirt of his coat, and, looking round to see by whom, he perceived it was the gentleman whom he had sat next to at the theatre.

'Heaven be praised! I have found you at last,' cried he: 'truly, you have led me into a fine scrape.'

'I, sir?—impossible!'

'No, no, it is possible enough. You must know that I have a brother, one of the principal bankers of Marseilles, every body speakes well of him but myself; and I say that he is a cracked brained enthusiast. Why, sir, you have only to relate to him a trait of cou age or generosity, and he is ready to worship the hero of it. I told him the oth er night of the mad trick you had played and he flew into a rage with me because I did not seize and drag you to his house, *vi et armis*. I should not have cared so much for him had not my good sister in-law and my pretty neice joined his party. In short they turned me out, with orders not to come again without bringing you in my hand, I have hunted for you ever since in vain; but now that I have luckily found you, you will not refuse to return with me to dinner.'

George would have excused himself.

'He had only come,' he said, 'for a very short time, on business, which was nearly finished; he was about to depart and he had not a moment for any thing but business.'

'Even if you go to-morrow, you must dine somewhere to-day—and why not as well at my brother's as at your inn?

With these words he put his hand under the young man's arm; and drew him along, heedless of all excuses.

It has been said that a good face is the best letter of recommendation; and no one ever had a better than George. The banker and his family were charmed with him; each praised him in their way. Mr. Stendhal admired his open countenance: his wife the modest propriety of his manners; her mother who was very old, and rather deaf, the good natured and respectful way in which he answered several questions that she put to him. The daughter, a blooming girl of sixteen, said nothing; but perhaps the look of pleasure with which she listened to the praises bestowed by the rest of the family, was not the least eloquent part of his panegyric,

In the course of the evening, Mr. Stendhal learned that his guest's name was George, that he was an orphan, and that he would leave Marseilles in five or six days He mentioned also the names of the merchants with whom he had done business; and one of them happening to be a particular friend of Stendhal's, the good banker went to him the next day, to make enquiries respecting his new acxuaintance,

'All I know of him,' said the merchant, 'is, that he comes from an old correspondent of mine, who has recommended him very strongly to me. He has transacted business for that gentleman with several others besides myself and he is generally regarded as a clever and intelligent young man. My friend lamented, in his letter, that he had not the power to offer him a permanent situation, and he has asked me to look out for one for him. but I have not met with any thing likely to suit.'

This was enough for Stendhal, who was a sort of benevolent Quixotte in his way. He wished to serve George: but, with the delicacy of true generosity, he desired that the young man should feel himself the obliger, rather than the obliged. He told him that he wanted a clerk: George fell into the innocent snare laid before him; he offered himself, and was directly accepted

Mr. Stendhal was very well satisfied with the abilities of his new clerk, and not less so with his conduct: the only thing that he wished was, to see in the young man more of the gaiety natural in his time of life. but he was constantly serious and even sad notwithstanding that his temper was so sweet, and his manners so mild and amiable, that he was a favorite with the whole family.

Two years had passed away, and, at the end of that time, George was become what Mr. Stendhal emphatically called his *right hand*; he relieved the good banker from a great part of the fatigue which he had till then taken upon himself: and while he never relaxed, in the slightest degree, his attention to business, he found time to render himself as agreeable and useful to the female part of the family, as to the master of it. He was Leocadie's language master, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Stendhal, who had no longer any reason to reproach the dear girl with that disinclination to study which had been her only fault. But what perhaps drew the hearts of both mother and daughter still more strongly towards him, was his unwearied attention to the good grandmother, who was alike beloved and venerated by all the family,

All at once Stendhal perceived that his wife appeared unusually serious and abstracted. It was evident that she had something on her mind; but what could that something be, which she concealed from a husband with whom, till then, she had no reserves? After puzzling his brains for a little time in vain conjectures, the banker took what we consider to be the only right way in these cases—he determined to come to the point at once.

'Till now, said he, 'we have been happy; it is evident that you have ceased to be so. tell me the cause of your uneasiness—and if it is in my power to banish it, regard the thing as done.'

'Then it is done,' cried Mrs. Stendhal, embracing him. 'My uneasiness arose from discovering that Leocadie is in love-'

'In love!—and with whom?

'With George,'

'So much the better—if he loves her,'

'If, Mr. Stendhal?.——

'If, Madame Stendhal—I say if'——

'And I say there is no if in the case: the poor fellow is too honourable to say a word—but I see clearly that he is dying for her.'

'Ah! my dear, a mother's eyes are not always to be trusted on these occasions: but I will speake to him myself.'

And, without any preface, he said to the young man the following day, 'George, it is time for you to be looking about for a wife: what do you think of my daughter?'

George had no need to reply; his countenance told Mr. Stendhal plainly that his wife was in the right.

'Well, well.' cried he, in a toue of pleasure 'you love her. hey?'

'It is true, sir,: but heaven is my witness I have never dared to breathe a syllable'——

'Ah, you were very right not to speak to her: but why did you not tell me your mind? You know that I despise the pride of birth. and that I don't care for money. All I desire is, that My son in-law should be a man of property, and descended from a honest family.'

It is impossible to describe the mingled expression of grief and shame which appeared in the countenance of George when he heard these words. He was silent for a moment: at last he said, in a voice of great emotion, 'You are right; I never, thought I never hoped it could be otherwise. Hitherto I have concealed from you who I am; but to-morrow you shall know all. Leave me now, I beseech you.'

Shocked at his evident distress. Stendhal pressed his hand kindly, begged of him to compose himself, and left him. The good banker knew not what to think of this scene; but yet he was persuaded that no blame was attached to George.

The next morning he learned, with grief and surprise, that the young man had quitted the house. The following letter, which he left behind him, will explain the cause of this step:

'How little did you think yesterday, my dear benefactor, that even in the moment when you meant to render me the happiest of men, you struck a dagger to my heart! Yes—I know—I feel—that the hand of your angelic daughter never can be bestowed but upon the descendant of a honest man: I must then fly from her forever. Ah, heaven! what a cruel sacrifice has the crime of my father exacted from me! Oh! that I could wash out with my heart's blood, the ignominy with which he has covered me! But it cannot be.

'I will not leave you without telling you all Know then, that I am the son of that St. Aubin, who, on being arrested for forgery, killed one of the *gens d' armes* who was sent to seize him, and expirated his doublecrime upon the scaffold. I had returned home from college about a year and a half before this dreadful event took place. Imperfectly acquainted with my father's circumstances, I asked him to give me a profession.—He refused, assuring me that it was not necessary, as his property was sufficient for us both, even independent of well-founded expectations, which he had, that I should inherit a very considerable fortune from an uncle in the Indies.

'Satisfied with these reasons, and concluding, from the style in which my father lived that he must be very rich. I thought no more of a profession. Some months passed away when one morning my father entered my apartment, and announced to me abruptly that he was ruined. Shocked and overwhelmed as I was, I had presence of mind enough to attempt to console him. 'The education you have given me, cried I, 'will secure us from want, and you have still many friends.'—'Not one—not one!'—cried he in agony.—'Driven to despair by my losses on 'Change, I had borrowed monney where I could, and finding ill-luck continually persued me. I had resourse to forgery. My crime is on the eve of being discovered, I must fly, and instantly:—but I will not leave thee, my poor ruined boy, wholly without resource! Take this, it is the half of what remains to me.' He offered me a pocket-book: I rejected it with a look of horror. 'This alone was wanting!' cried he in a voice of fury, and he rushed from the room. I followed him; I begged his pardon on my knees but I was resolute in refusing the money. He fled; and just when I began to congratulate myself that he was safe from parsuit, I heard the overwhelming tidings of his arrest and subsequent execution. A burning fever seized me: I should have perished under it but for the charity of one of those who had suffered the most by my unfortunate father. May heaven's choicest blessings light upon that worthy man! Far from reproaching me, he took pains to console me, He even carried his charity so far as to recommend me to to the merchant in whose employ I was when you took me into your house. You will feel that, after this avowal, we can never meet again. Farewell, for ever, my friend—my benefactor! May happiness—eternal happiness—be the portion of you and yours! GEORGE ST, AUBIN.'

The first impulse of Stendhal was to cause immediate search to be made for George; all inquiries were vain: he had quitted the town, & know one knew whither he was gone. Stendhal was at first truly grieved at his flight—but when he began to reflect cooly on all the circumstances of the case, he was not sorry that George had quitted them as he did; for with all his affection for the young man, he shrank from the idea of giving his daughter to the son of a convicted felon.

He felt, however, deeply, for the effect which the flight of George evidently produced upon Leocadie; and after a consultation with his wife, he determined to tell her the truth. She wept bitterly at hearing it; but it was evident that her mind was relieved, for, from that time, she appeared more tranquil She devoted herself still more exclusively than ever to her family,, shunned society as much as she could, and though always even tempered, and at times cheerful, it was easy to see that she was not happy.

Four years passed;—Leocadie received many offers of marriage, but refused them all so peremptorily, that her parents despaired of ever seeing her married; it grieved them, but they would not constrain her inclinations. In the beginning of the fourth year Stendhal went on business to Paris, where he met, by accident, with an old friend, whom he had not seen for several years. After the first greetings, mutual inquiries were made as to what had happened to each since they last met. —Stendhal had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of prosperity, whilst his friend had expertenced many reverses of fortune.

'I was,' said he, 'at one time extremely rich; severe losses reduced me to a competency, and I was deprived of that by the dishonesty of a friend whom I loved, and in whom I placed implicit confidence.'

'And now!' cried Stendhal, in a tone of anxious inquiry.—

'Why now, thanks be to heaven, and to the honestest man I have ever known, I have recovered my last loss.'

'How so?'

'The son of the man who robbed me came unexpectedly into the possession of a very considerable property, and the first use he made of it was to pay every shilling that his father owed.'

'What a worthy fellow!'

'Ah! you would say so if you knew all. —The father, who was universally believed to be very rich, had taken up money wherever he could and the amount of what he owed was within a few hundreds of the sum his son inherited.—The young man did not hesitate; he paid to the last farthing of his unworthy father's debts. As none of us had the smallest claim upon him, we felt it our duty to offer to give up a part; but he would not hear of it.'

'That was right; I like his spirit; and yet, poor fellow, it was hard for him too, to have only a few hundreds left.'

'Nay, he has not even that,'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, he has assigned the interest of it as a pension to the mother of a *gens-d'armes* whom his father shot.'

'Tis he!—By heaven it is St. Aubin! —It must be he!'

'It is indeed: but how did you become acquainted with him?'

'Never mind that now; but tell me instantly where he is'

'He is, or rather he was two months since, a clerk in a banking-house at Amsterdam?'

Stendhal lost not a moment in proceeding thither—and presented himself to the astonished George.

'Come,' cried he, 'come, my dear son, make us all happy, by receiving the hand of Leocadie, and become the founder of a race of honest men!—Ah! never yet did the most splendid achievements of an ancestor confer upon his descendants greater lustre than your high-minded probity will bestow upon yours!'

THE HON. JOHN P. HALE,

Of New Hampshire, who broke loose from the Polk party on account of its pro-slaveryism, lately lectured in several of the principal towns in this State, upon the slavery question. Mr. Hale's noble stand against the Polk system of extending slavery, procured for him many friends in the free States, and he has done much good in calling the attention of the people to the character of the dough-faces at the North who support Polk, and go in for Texas and the conquest of Mexico, for the same purpose for which Texas was stolen.

Mr. Hale, when he came out of the darkness of locofocoism took precisely the same ground occupied by the Whigs of Vermont in regard to slavery, its extension, &c.—and stands there still—not a whit in advance of the position ocnupied by our Whig members of Congress, and our State officers—indeed, we may say with truth, the whole Whig party of Vermont. He is not a Whig—though the Whigs of New Hampshire elected him Senator, because he agreed with them on the slavery question—nor is he a Liberty man—but he calls himself an independant democrat yet he is no friend of locofocoism or Polkism No matter what he calls himself, he takes the same ground in opposition to slavery and its extension that the Whigs occupy, and therefore we are not sorry to see that the whigs of Vermont have cordially received him.—*Caledonian.*

At Rutland he was introduced to the people by the Hon. Solomon Foote, the able Whig member of the last Congress from the first District. The Rutland Herald thus notices Mr. Hale's Address:

'Were we to attempt to make anything like a minute notice of the speech of Mr. Hale, we should most assuredly fail to do him that justice which it would be our wish to do; and we therefore content ourself by saying that it was just such a speech as we think in the present state of the public mind is required.

'We were highly pleased with it, and believe most sincerely that *seven-tenths* of the Whig party of Vermont would respond most heartily to every sentiment and every sentence he uttered. Free from the party slang so common in the addresses of some of our abolition friends; noble and manly in his treatment of his subject, his appeal must go directly to the hearts and judgments of the people of the North in view of the encroachments of the slave power."

A TRAGIC INCIDENT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

BY PETER RAMROD, U. S. A.

Just as I was sighting one of the guns of my battery on the first day of attack, I heard my name called by one at my side, and looking up, I saw G——, a young midshipmen, whose activity and officer-like conduct I had noticed at the time of our landing, when he had charge of a cutter which aided in putting us on shore.

He seemed very much excited; his dark eyes were flashing with emotion; his face was deadly pale, and yet there was something in his look as he stood boldly upon the parapet of my battery, that told me that it was not fear that paled his cheek. Though shot and shell came bursting through the darkened air, he stood unmoved like a sea-girt tower amid the storm, gazing city-ward.

"What do you want, G——?" said I, when I heard his voice, and at the same time stepping clear of the recoil of my gun, while the artillerymman advanced with his match to fire it.

"For Heaven's sake, don't fire yet!" shouted he as he sprang from the parapet's front, and glanced along the sight of the gun, then seizing a crow, and with the strength of a Hercules heaved the breach of the gun to one side, so that the shot that I aimed with care at one of the largest and finest looking buildings in the city, over which waved the national flag of Mexico, would fly wide of its mark.

"What mean you by this strang conduct, sir?" said I, sternly, not liking this interference with my orders.

"Wait one instant, till I have fired, and I will explain!" said he, meanmhile sighting the gun. The next moment he snatched the match from the man who stood near him, and fired.

Springing upon the parapet to watch the effect of his shot, I saw it dismount and render useless a gun on the enemy's wall, which had annoyed us very much all the morning.

He smiled when he saw my look of gratification at this unexpectedly successful shot, and then more calmly than he had spoken before, remarked:

Lieutenant, forgive me for interfering with your duty, but your gun was aimed at a spot which I had come hither to desire you to spare. You see that palace at which you were aiming?"

"I do," I replied, not knowing which way led the drift of his remarks.

"For the love of Heaven spare that house!" I care not if every other in the town is blown to atoms, but do not destroy that one!"

"What is your reason, sir?"

"That is the palace of Don Ignato de Corrulla a noble Castillian, not a Mexican—"

"There are Mexican colors flying on his house-top."

"Oh, its only because he is brave, and he sides with the Mexicans because he resides amongst them now—but you ask my reason for wishing to spare that house. Hear it. My betrothed, Anita de Corrulla is there; and, oh God! to what danger is she exposed! Lieutenant, do not deny my request—spare that house; think of the agony which I must feel in knowing that she, my love, my very life, is there, protected only by walls which crumble at every shot."

"I will, and aim elsewhere," I exclaimed, for indeed I feelt for the poor fellow.

"Thank you, dear Ramrod," said he. "I have been to all the batteries but the mortar on the extreme left, and at the risk of being laughed at, have begged all to spare that house, all have promised me to do so, and if, when we storm that place, I can be first on the walls, and reach the doors before the others, I may yet save her from the fearful perils which now environ her!"

"I hope you may," said I, shuddering, as I thought of the fearful excess which must inevitably occur if we stormed the town; the excess which the madness of victory and the desire to revenge fallen comrades ever leads even well disciplined soldiers to commit.

Again he warmly thanked me, and turned to go to the battery he had not yet visited. I passed along the line of guns, and directed my men only to aim at the enemy's guns, and especially to spare the house which G—— had pointed out; but what were my feelings, when, in the act of pointing it out to one of my gunners, I saw in its place nothing but a cloud of smoke and dust. I knew at once that a bomb had struck it, and from the look of things feared the worst for my young naval friend, especially when as the dust and smoke settled I saw the flag gone, a large part of the wall fallen, and the palace a perfect wreck. The bomb had been fired by the mortar battery, which he had failed to reach in season to prevent it.

I continued on in my duty, and a hot time, indeed, we had of it. It was almost painful to see the smoked and sweaty faces of our-worn out men, as they toiled on in the work of destruction; it it was sickening to see here and there a ghastly mass of flesh and crushed bones, which, some by huge shot, had been thus transformed from life and beauty; but soldiers must sicken at nothing in times like these.

I saw no more of my young friend G——; yet during this time I had thought of him, and his deep anxiety, and inwardly prayed that for his sake, as well as for the cause of humanity, she was spared. Oh, it was a harrowing thought, as we fired thos showers of shell and shot amongst them, that the innocent, feeble and helpless were even in more danger than the garrison soldiers who stood behind their embrasures, and often I fancied my very hearts blood curdled with the fancy, that I could hear the shrieks of wounded and dying women—that the pittiful cries of poor children were borne down upon the breeze. I could almost see them crushed, mangled, dying, dead! Oh God! save me from ever witnessing the bombardment of any inhabited city, at least, if so, let there be none but men within its walls.

When the city had capitulated, I entered with the rest, who were sent to take formal possession, and found the street which led towards the quay facing the castle, where we were directed to march led directly past the palace which G—— had pointed out as that of Don Ignatio Corrulla. As I looked upon the blackened walls, I feelt a strong anxiety to enter it, and try and find out the fate of G——'s betrothed, and obtained leave for a few minutes from my captain. I hastily entered through the ruined archway, which opened into the court yard, which always centres a Spanish built palace, and saw in a glance that G—— had been before me in his visit. The basin of a large fountain was in the midst, but Gen. Scott had cut off the acqueducts which had supplied the city fountain, and this was dry. By its verge, however, on a broad slab of marble, sat G——, and she in his asms. I paused an instant, as I saw him and the beautiful form which he held, for I thought it indelicate to advance at that moment, but I could not retreat, and there seemed something so strange in his actions, that I could not well tear myself away. He held her still and motionless in his arms, her long black hair fell in dishevelled masses down upon the cold marble, and over a partly bare and lovely shoulder; and though it seemed she was looking at him, for I could see her large and black eyes were open, still she spoke not, but with a fixed and strong gaze looked down upon her.

I slowly advanced, he could have heard my footsteps, but he raised not his head, he did not seem to care whether friend or foe approached. I bent over him and her. I looked down upon her beautiful face—it was as pale as the marble on which it rested; I gazed in those black eyes; they were lakes of beauty frozen over with the ice of death—open but not lustrous. I looked down upon her swelling bosom, uncovered by the disarrangement of her dress, and a ghastly wound, of black and horrible roughness, showed how she had died. A piece of the iron shell had cloven a rent in her bosom through which her soul had sped to a kinder world than this. In her had she clenched a locket. I looked upon it and recognized the miniature of G——. Oh God! what a sight was this! So young, so beautiful, loving and beloved —yet gone forever, and in such a way!

I laid my hand upon G——'s shoulder, and spoke to him; then for the first time he looked up, and I saw that in him to there was a change almost as great as in her. Pale as death, his eyes fixed and stsong in their almost maniac glare, his lips bloodless—cold, big drops of sweat on his pallid brow, oh! who could describe his look?—He spoke not—his eye again fell on her form, than which a lovelier never was pressed to the bosom of man,

I could stand the scene no longer. I rushed forth and joined my company, instantly sending word to G——'s mesmates where they might find him, and begging them to go to his assistance.

The next day I sent aboard of his ship to inqure after his health, and heard to my sorrow that he was confined to his bed delirious from a fever, and that feeble hopes were entertained of his recovered.

I learned from one of shipmates that G—— had become acquainted with Donna Anita on a former cruise, that a mutual love had arisen, been confessed by both parties, and they were to be united at the close of the war.

And this, oh God! this is *war!* These are the scenes which the pen of history must record of men who live in the nineteenth century of the existence of that religion which has peace, love and charity for its mottoes and emblems. I know, reader, that this is a poor train of thought, and an inconsistent one for a soldier, but were you to see such scenes as these, you would not wonder that I should almost be willing to exchange the sword and uniform for the priest's gown and prayer book.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MISS COUTTS.

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

The marriage of the Duke of Wellington, now in his seventy-ninth year, to Miss Coutts heiress of the Duchess of St. Albans, and the greatest fortune in the world, is spoken of in the London prints as a 'fixed fact.' We are at loss which most to admire: the doting folly of the octogenarian, or the shocking depravity which would induce a young woman to link herself to him for the little residue of a life drawn out to its longest span.—We hope for her punishment, he may live to the age of Parr or Jenkins. It is revolting to think on what the false notions of society will do towards corrupting the soul, and making the most serious obligations a matter of simbargain and sale.

GEN. TAYLOR.—The Albany Evening Journal of Friday makes the following statement:—'Those who have the best opportunity for learning Gen. Taylor's sentiments say that he was opposed to the annexation of Texas, and is opposed to the Annexation of Mexico. We are assured by gentlemen who were much with Gen. Taylor, (one of whom is not a Whig) during the discussion of the Wilmot Proviso, that he openly, frankly and freely avowed himself opposed to any extension of Slave Territory. And such we believe be the fact.'

For what warlike exploit was Mr. Marcy appointed Secretary of War?—*Albany Journal.*

Some think it was for his unprecedented *charge upon the State of New York.—Louisville Journal.*

A FATAL ERROR.

In a new work, entitled the History o Mexico from its conquest by Cortez down to the present time, by Phillip Young, M. D., occurs the following paragraph in relation to the pass given by President Polk to Santa Anna:

'A most fatal error, it was, to thus sanction the return of perhaps the only man in Mexico who was capable of uniting the various parties, developing the resources of the country, or of organizing and maintaining a powerful army. A better mode of indefinitely prolonging the war could not have been suggested by the demon of discord himself.

VALUABLE DONATION TO THE CABINET OF AMHERST COLLEGE.—Professor Charles B. Adams, Geologist to the State of Vermont has generously presented to the Amherst College, (his Alma Mater) a complete suit of specimens, amounting at least to 3000, to illustrate the Geology and Mineralogy of Vermont. This will make three New England States, whose Mineralogy and Geology will now be fully illustrated in this Cabinet—viz: Massachusetts, by 3100 specimens Connecticut, by 800, presented by Professor Shepard, and Vermont by 3000,—*Amherst Express.*

MARRIAGE.—Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; a little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the South can shake the little rings of the vine, when they first begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embrace of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought fourth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the North, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artificial pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindness in pieces. [Jeremy Taylor.

HON. GEORGE P. MARSH of Burlington Vt., an accomplished scholar, particularly in languages and in Scandinavian literature, will deliver an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard University at its approaching anniversary.—[Cambridge Chron.

From the National Intelligencer.

ELECTIONEERING MANŒUVRES.

Manœuvres, we call them, though in truth a harsher name would well characterize the stratagems which are frequently employed on the eve of any important election, by unscrupulous partisans. One of these we have noticed in a party paper in Baltimore, (the Argus,) which can hardly deceive any intelligent man, and yet, being uncontradicted, may, through its mere boldness, pass current with those who will not give themselves the trouble to inquire how true it is.

We refer to a statement in the Argus of Tuesday last, denying the expensiveness of the Mexican war, contained in the following words:

"It is known to every well informed man that Congress has as yet voted only twenty-eight millions for war purposes, and that a part of this sum is yet unexpended."

The facts, in regard to Military and Naval appropriations made since the commencement of the Mexican war, as is shown by the Appropriation Laws, are as follows:—

Appropriations at the last Session.	
Support of the army and volunteers	$32,178,461,88
Support of the navy	9,307,958.10
Concluding peace with Mexico	3,000,000,00
	$44,486,419,98
Appropriations of the previous Session.	
For prosecution of existing war	$10,000,000,00
For support of the army	6,873,082,67
For volunteers and other troops	11,957,359,00
For support of the navy	7,449,703,35
For regiment of mounted riflemen	81,500,00
For sappers, miners and pontoniers	25,000,00
	$36,386,645,02
War appropriations since the war began.	
Last year,	$36,386,645,02
This year,	44,486,419,98
Total of war appropriations,	$80,873,065,00

The appropriations for the same objects at the next session of Congress, should the war continue, will exceed rather than fall short of Fifty Millions of Dollars.

COTTON FACTORY.—We are pleased to learn that our friend, Mr. Alexander Clark has purchased the superior water privilege in east Falmouth, now used for a woolen factory, and intends pulling down the old building and erecting a large cotton factory in its place. This movement cannot fail to have a good effect on the business of Falmouth and vicinity. Cape Cod, we are informed, furnishes a good proportion of operatives for the mills in Lowell, Pawtucket, &c.; and an opportunity to obtain work near home, and under the direction of a prompt and gentlemanly capitalist, will, we doubt not, be duly appreciated by those in want of employment.—[Yarmouth Reg.

LARGE RECEIPT OF WOOL.—Messrs. Bingham & Co., one of the heaviest forwarding houses, have received from the great West, via Pittsburgh, to be forwarded to Mr. Lawrence of Lowell, one million of pounds of wool. This equals five hundred tons of the fleecy article, and is the largest lot ever received at once by any house in Philadelphia.—[Phila. North American.

GROWTH OF WORCESTER.—The valuation recently taken by the assessors of this town, discloses a fact, for which few, we apprehend, were prepared, except those whose business has made them familiar with the growth of the place. It is this, that the number of ratable polls has increased more than 21 per cent. in a single year. The same ratio of increase on the whole population would amount to something like twenty-five hundred. After making all allowances, the increase of population for the year could not have been less than 1500, with a prospect that the increase the present year will be equally great. Our population at the present time is over 14,000, and we think that the census of 1850 will show a greuter per cent. increase, since 1840, than any other town of similar size in the State.—[Worcester Transcript

RISE OF PROPERTY IN BOSTON.—There has been an immense rise in wharf property in Boston, within a few years past. A wharf estate, purchased in 1820 for $20,000, has been sold in parcels, to different railroad companies, for depots, to the amount of $141,000, besides a portion given to the city, and one wharf remaining, which rents for $4000.—Wharf property, purchased in 1845 for $53,000 the owners have refused to sell for less than $100,000; and $70,000 have been offered for two wharves, purchased three years ago for $40,000. The different railroad depots of the city occupy about fifteen important and valuable wharves.

RETIRING.—Rev. Joshua Leavitt has retired from the editorial charge of the Emancipator, to make provision (in some more lucrative employment) for the wants of his family and for approaching age,—his editorship has not afforded a sufficient income. When Mr. Leavitt became a minister of the Gospel, we suppose he classed himself among those who,—as to this world's goods—take for their motto the words—*Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed. I have never known the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*

JUMPING FROM THE CARS.—It is strange that people will not learn that there is danger to life or limb in jumping from the railway train after it has acquired headway. Yesterday afternoon, the passengers in the special Newton train witnessed the feats of two ladies in this particular. Find-